

The Ladies Delight,  
O R,  
Narcissus his Love-Flower.

A pleasant and delightful new Ditty,  
Made by a Lover for Ladys so witty,  
When to Venus sports, they please to resort  
To pull sweet Flowers, that yeilds the best sport.

The Tune is, Narcissus come kiss us, &c.



**A** s I was walking I cannot tell when,  
nor I cannot tell whether nor whers  
I met with a crew, of I cannot tell who,  
nor cannot tell what they were,  
But Virgins I think, for they cry'd  
Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside.

They song a fine song of I cannot tell what,  
nor whether in Verse or in Prose,  
Nor knew I their meaning, although they all  
even as it were under my nose, (sate)  
But ever and anon they all cry'd,  
Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside.

**W**here came in a Lad from I cannot tell whence  
with I cannot tell what in his hand,  
It was a litle thing that had little sense,  
but yet it could litlely stand:  
When lowder these Ladys they cry'd  
Narcissus come kiss us, and love us beside.

**S**ome shak'd it, some stroak'd it, some kiss'd it 'tis  
it look'd so lvely indeed, (sate)  
All hug'd it as honey, and none were afraid,  
because of their bodily need,  
When lowder these Ladys they cry'd  
Narcissus come kiss us, and love us beside,

The second part to the same tune.



A length he did put in this pretty fine top,  
In I cannot tell where below,  
Into one of these Ladys, but I cannot tell why  
nor wherefore it should be so.  
But in the mean time they cryd,  
Narcissus come kisse us, and love us besides.

But when that these Ladies had sported al night  
and rised Dame Natures Rose,  
And tired themselves in Venus delight,  
that they could hardly do more.  
Yet louder these Ladys they cryd,  
Narcissus come kisse us, and love us besides.

This Lad being tired, began to retreat,  
and hang down his head like a flower,  
The Ladies the more did he the seat  
but alas 'twas out of his power,  
Then louder and louder they cryd,  
Narcissus come kisse us, and love us besides.

When full forty weekes were almost exir'd,  
a pitiful storie to tell  
These Ladies did hate what most they desir'd  
their bellys began so to swell.  
Then a woeful tune they all cryd  
Narcissus wont kisse us, nor love us besides.

Lucina in pity then lent them her asse,  
to easse them of their sorrow,  
But when that these Ladys were gently laid  
they had the same mind to morrow,  
And dandling their Wantlings they cryd,  
Narcissus shant miss us, to lye by our side.

But as I was minding these pretty fine tops  
bom Venus with Cupid did play  
What pleasure these Ladys did take in their  
did lead my Fancy astray. (Moya  
To hear how they loll'd them and cryd  
Narcissus come kisse us and love us besides.

I then returned I cannot tell how,  
nor what was in my mind  
nor what else I heard I know not I doow,  
nor saw, for Cupid is blind:  
But that these Ladys still cryd  
Narcissus come kisse us and love us besides.

But now to conclude, I cannot tell what,  
nor when, nor how, nor where,  
Nor found I the sense of their song or their  
for Ladys are fickle as Air: (Chat  
Therefore I did laugh till they cryd  
Narcissus come kisse us and love us besides.

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